

HAY—Prices are firmer, and we quote sales of baled timothy at the river at \$10 per ton. We quote retail sales from stores at \$10.50 to 100 lbs. The receipts this week amount to 306 bales.

HIDES—Sales of common Dry Hides at \$4.75; sales of good Missouri at 7.00; salted hides 4.75. Green Hides 4.00.

HORN, MEAT, NAILS AND TIN PLATE—We quote regular sales of horn at 34 to 4 c in lots; sales of inferior horn 34.50. We quote Tennessee Hot and Cold Bait Pigmetal at \$2.94-2.97 per ton, with sales of 60 tons at \$2.94. We quote Light sales of Hoisting Plate at higher rates. Nails—sales of Pittsburgh at 4.15-4.00-4.00; for the assorted numbers in light lots, 4.15—round lots at 4.1-4.16. The stock is fair with no receipts.

TIN PLATE we quote at \$11.50 a \$12 in light lots. Receipts—100 tons. Light sales of Hoisting Plate at \$12 per box. Sales of Amber Block Tin at 7.00.

LUMBER—Pine Lumber is growing scarce, and prices are firm. We quote sales at the yards as follows: Common Boards \$12.00; half-rail \$16.00; second rail \$22.00 to 25.00.

LEAD AND SHOT—Prices continue enhanced, though the receipts are fair. We quote sales of Pig Lead at 4.65; sales of Bar Lead at 5.40. Sales of Shot 20 to 30.

OILS—Sales of Lard Oil at 55.00 per gallon. Caster Oil we quote at 90 c; 12 c per gallon, as per quality and quality. Lincseed Oil is scarce, and prices in lots have advanced to 80 c per gallon. Sperm Oil \$1.30 at 75 per gallon.

PROVISIONS—Receipts and demand limited.

We quote sales of Bacon from stores as follows: about 8¢; *ribbed sides* 9¢; *clear sides* 9½¢; *plain hams* 10¢; *ribbed sides* 10½¢; *clear sides* 11¢. Our quotations from stores are plain hams 9½¢, and bagged and sugar-cured 9½¢; *ribbed sides* 10½¢; *clear sides* 11½¢.

AGENTS FOR THE EXAMINER.

J. M. McKim, Esq., N. Fifth st., Philadelphia.
C. H. Day, Richmond, Va.
Rev. J. Dicket, Helena, Ia.
M. Ryan, Mayaville, Ky.
Rev. Wm. Guinn, Christianburg, Ky.
Wm. Stevenson, Georgetown, Ky.
JOHN F. FISHER, Chester.
BROOKS & CANFIELD, Lafayette, Ia.
J. Baldwin, Bethany, Va.
G. S. SCARBOROUGH, Owensboro, Ky.
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The *New Primer*, 36 pages, 10 cts.
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Sept. 9-11

BECKWITH & MICHIE
532 Main street,
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Third do.
Phat Algora.

Instruction in Singing and on the Piano-forte.
MADAME WILLIAMOWITZ begs to announce to the ladies of Louisville and vicinity that she has come to reside in this city, and that she will be happy to receive her leisure hours in the instruction of a few ladies in Singing and on the Piano Forte.
Particulars can be ascertained correctly only at her home, on Walnut street, fifth house east of the corner of First.
Aug 4

TRANSVAAL UNIVERSITY.
MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.
THE 324 session will open on the 1st Monday in November.

member next under the direction of the following
 H. W. Duffey, M. D., Professor of the Principles
 and Practice of Medicine.
 Robert Foster, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and
 Pharmacology.
 Jacob H. Pratt, M. D., Professor of Special and Sur-
 gical Anatomy.
 John H. Smith, M. D., Professor of Theory and Prac-
 tice of Medicine.
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 Pathological Anatomy and Physiology.
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 Wm. M. Hoising, M. D., Prof. of Obstetrics and the
 Diseases of Women and Children.
 B. M. Skillman, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.
 The following are also on the staff, invariably in ad-
 vance of the Medical and Surgical Departments.
 The Maternity and Dispensary is free. Board-
 ing and Lodging, from \$2.00 to \$5.00.
 ROBERT P. DEAN, of the Faculty.
 Lexington, Ky., July 21, 1890.

PIANO-FORTES.—We have just received an invoice of Piano-Fortes, new and beautiful patterns, which in addition to our former stock, renders our assortment of this class of instruments, one of the best offered to the Western public. We have now in store—

1 magnificent carved rosewood 7 octave Piano-Forte,	1 plain	do	do	do	do
2 extra finished	do	do	do	do	do
1 very superior	do	do	do	do	do
2 plain and cable	do	do	do	do	do
1 superb carved	do	do	do	do	do
2 Gothic cast-iron rosewood 6 octave Piano-Fortes, with	do	do	do	do	do
2 plain	do	do	do	do	do
2 Rush cabinet rosewood 6 octave Piano-Fortes, with	do	do	do	do	do
2 plain	do	do	do	do	do
1 plain and cable rosewood 6 octave Piano-Fortes, with	do	do	do	do	do
2 plain—leggy	do	do	do	do	do

**PLANNING & WEATHER-BOARDING MILL.
LARGE SAWMILLS FLOORING, SHIELVING,
WEATHER-BOARDING, etc., constantly on
hand.**

☞ WEATHER-BOARDING, FLOORING, etc.,
sawed and dressed to order. CUMBERLAND,
Ky. June 30

NOTICE TO TAILORS.

THESE members are now engaged in the manufacture of the best of Watling's Knives, and the use of tailors and clubbers. It is of the very best quality, of every kind—requiring well paid, and the lowest than any other. It is of the very best quality, of every kind—requiring well paid, and the lowest than any other. It is of the very best quality, of every kind—requiring well paid, and the lowest than any other.

RUSSELL & STANLEY.
Cincinnati, January 20, 1846—47.

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CORNER OF MAIN AND FOURTEENTH STS.,
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WE are prepared to make and repair any thing in our line, on terms as favorable as any other establishment in the West. The patronage of the public is solicited.

WANTED.—Thief, Walnut, Spycamore, Gum and Poplar, for the purpose of making furniture, and other articles.
Aug. 9—th.

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SEKIDHAM'S MAHLE YARD.

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and in quantities to suit. We will supply the
trade with Vermont Marble at 70 cents per foot. Marble
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Wholesale of Pure Marble Dust for Soda Water, Beer, Brick
and Clay, Hydraulic Cement and common Lume. Per
centum quantity of any of the above, either for local
consumption or country carriage, can be supplied. Orders
from all parts of the country respectfully solicited.
N. R. A large lot of Italian Marble Slabs received
this day for sale low.
J. H. DODGE

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And Dealers in
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Lexington, Ky.

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us—will act as Agents for the collection of money in
any State, and, &c., &c. Charges moderate.
April 1, 1886

HART, MONTGOMERY & CO.,
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No. 118 Chestnut Street—PHILADELPHIA,
Manufacturers and Importers of Paper Hangings.
Have always for sale a large stock of PAPERS, of every
variety manufactured, which they will sell wholesale and
retail at the lowest rates.
Sept. 24, 1848.—H.

LITERARY EXAMINER.

From Chambers's Journal.

My Childhood's Thought.

Three fields beyond our dwelling-place, a limpid streamlet floweth,
From spring-head gurgles I have traced it
Where'er it goes, and I used to lie on the banks, and childishly to ponder

O'er that river's shining course with pleasant
Swoon and wonder,
Arranging in my secret mind a creed of mystic birth—

That Elfin river was a type of my own doom
On earth.

And so from spring-head to the vale where
Many waters meet,
I learnt the story page by page, and other lessons sweet.

Where the yielding greenest moss gathers o'er
The rounded rocks,
(The shepherd's favorite rest, crook in hand,
To watch their flocks),

There amid the acclented thyme, fern, and hyacinthine bells,
Forth a hundred slender gush on flowery paths
To distant dells.

'Mid this waste of summer sweets, mark a festering head is near,
And a marble basin fair receives some falling
Diamonds here.

Thence again, 'mid beds of roses, sporting, loy-
ing on its way,
Where a classic temple craves mirrored grace
And fond delay,

Headless on the water lilies, wide and white,
And will not stay;
Tasteful bowers are left behind, grand and festal
Seats are empty o'er.

And ere spring-head murmurs fade, bids adieu
For evermore,
Merrily the streamlet floweth, hidden under
Archways dear,

Merrily it floweth through ruins dim and slight
Of olden days,
With its surface all untroubled, 'neath a wintry
Breath of sigh;

Gleiding on transparently with a murmuring
Song forever,
Looking not to the right or left—oh, it was a
Careless river!

Through the sheltered pasture-fields, winding
In and winding out,
How the frisking waters ran, hereabout and
Thereabout!

Old oaks and ivy leaves, cowslip beds and
Violet banks,
Washing to rest, and now and then foaming up
And playing pranks.

'Twas a little, roving life; but the dancing days
Were done,
When a graver work was found from the daisy
To set of hand.

And the noisy mill-wheel turning, whispered to
The busy water—
'Thy prod heart is hounded now, daisy, fool-
ish, idle daughter!

'Useful days and dreamless nights fill up thine
Appointed care,
While the stars reflected shine on the mill-pond's
Pleasant face.

But stars shone on the other side of that clever
Talking water,
And the holy moonbeams fell not alone on
Waters still.

Darting forward with a power they had never
Known before,
Swiftly onward now they flew escaping from
The prison door.

Flowery meads and garden trim were as though
They had been,
Darksome depths, and raging foam, and spin-
ning rocks made up the scene.

There is a deep and dread abyss; and into it the
Water leaps—
A silver thread diverging ere the furious cur-
rent swells sweeps;

I thank to hear the distant roar of the rum-
bling waters wild,
I prayed no wanderer forlorn along that way
Might be beguiled,

But follow by the silver thread to pastures far
Where waters dwell,
Straight and narrow is the stream, the humble
Stream is known to few,

It leads to woodland solitudes, and bids the
Heartless crowds adieu;
Straight and narrow, pure and deep—onwards,
Onwards calmly gliding—
Ocean's mighty bosom this, and many other
Streamlets hiding.

C. A. M. W.

Reminiscences.

The following beautiful and touching
Sketch we copy from the Journal of Com-
merce:

I have worshiped blue eyes, and there is
no radiance so heavenly as that which
gleams from them. But blue eyes are more
bewildering; and when a shadow of mel-
ancholy falls over the forehead, it softens
their beauty while it does not dim them.

*** If you will go with me now to
a glen in the highlands, and a willow-
shaded spot, I will point out to you the
very spot where years ago there stood a
rude bench, on which many times I have
seen the fair girl I now write of, sitting,
and by which I once saw her kneeling. The
cottage under the hill is occupied by stran-
gers, and its broad hall and large rooms
now to the laughter of those that knew not
her whose gentle spirit haunts their very
chambers.

She was as beautiful as a dream. Never
was holier forehead shaded by raven tresses;
never were tresses so glorious as those;
I tell you that I loved Sarah D.—you
will call me an enthusiast, and ascribe my
admiration to my passion. I did love her,
but only as a boy worships a being very
far above him. I used to lie at her feet
on the grass, and gaze into her face, and
watch the play of her exquisite features. It
was there I learned first how high, and
pure, and worshipful, humanity may be.

She was young and beautiful. What
need to add that she was loved. Surely I
need not add that she loved, for such as she
live on affection, and die for lack of it. Her
father, devoted his fortune and his life to
her, and she was heiress to a large estate.
As might be expected, she had numerous
suitors of every rank and variety. I cannot
now remember all of them, although I then
kept the run of them tolerably well. But
of all, there were only two that appeared to
have any prospect of success; and the vil-
lage gossips were occupied in discussing
their relative chances.

Frank R—was the gayest, best-heart-
ed fellow in the world, and what you see
him on his horse by the side of Sarah D—
you would have said he was made for her,
so wild was his laugh, and so joyous his
response. Yet, had you been behind the
closed shutter of the window in the front
of the large white house on the hill, as they
rode by, and had you there watched the
compressed lip, the broad, calm forehead,
the pale face and the speaking eye of Jo-
seph S—, as he saw them passing, you
would have prayed to God that that fair
girl might belong to that noble man, even
as I, a boy then prayed.

God has answered my prayers. When
the long way was traveled over, and the
rugged and difficult road surmounted—
when her fairy foot was pressed on the rock
at the summit of the hill of life, and her
eyes gazed into the deep blue sky with
longing gaze, there, even there, beyond the
blue, his outstretched arms received her, and
his embrace was heaven!

Go preach to blacks and stones, ye who
believe that love is clay! Go preach to
the dead, ye who deny the immortality of
the affection! Go reason with trees, or
hills, or images of wood, or with your own
moonless, lifeless, icy souls, ye who be-
lieve that, because there is no marrying
yonder, there shall be no embracing, or be-
cause we may not use the gentle words "my
wife," we may not clasp these sanctified
forms in your own holy arms! I tell you,
man, that immortality would be a glorious
cheat, if with our clay died all our first af-
fections. I tell you that annihilation would

be heaven, if I believed that when my head
at length rests on its coffin pillow, and my
lips sink to the silence and repose of
death, these loving eyes will never look into
mine again, this pure clasp never be around
my neck, this holy caress never bless me
more!

But see how I hasten in advance of my
scurry. And yet, like Canning's knife-
grinder, I remember now that I have no
story to tell, at best it is a simple histo-
ry.

She loved Joe. His calm and earnest
way of loving her won her whole soul.
He did not say much to her in company,
nor of her, but when they were alone, or
only some of the children near, his low
voice would be musical, and she sat tran-
quilly with his eloquence. I have seen
them seated on the bench by the side of the
stream, and have heard him lead her gentle
soul step by step with him from earth to
stars, and then from star to star, until she
seemed to be in heaven with him, and lis-
tening to the praises of the angels.

I am unable to tell you how it happened
that Joseph S— left his profession,
(which had been left and entered the mi-
nisty, nor am I able to state, though I might
guess at it, the causes operating in his own
mind. The father of Sarah D— was not
a religious man, and I am sorry to say,
was one of a small class of men, who not
only deny the truths of our most holy
creed, but take every opportunity to cast
ridicule on its teachers. It was, therefore,
with great pain, that his daughter observed
his coldness and rudeness to Joseph S—,
and she was not surprised, however much
she was grieved, when an open rupture
rendered the suspension of his visits at the
house absolutely necessary.

They had never spoken of love. Each
knew the secret of the other's affection, and
what need then of words to tell it? It
would have been but the repetition of hack-
neyed phrases. And yet there is no music
in the world so sweet as those three words,
"I love you," from the lips we love to kiss.
But the father of our little friend had feared
the existence of some bond between them,
and peremptorily required his daughter
to break it if it did exist.

She replied to him, relating the simple
truth, and he desired her to refuse thence-
forward to see or speak to Joseph.

A month of deeper pain than can well
be imagined succeeded this command, dur-
ing which they did not meet.

It was on a moonlight night in August that
she walked out with me, (then a boy three
years her junior) and sat down on the bench
by the side of the stream. The air was
clear, the sky serene, and no sound distur-
bed us, but the soft voice of the wind among
the tree-tops made a pleasant music, and we
listened and were silent. The stillness
was broken by the voice of Joseph S—.

You will pardon me if I pass over this
scene. I dare not attempt a description of
it. It was my first lesson in human suffer-
ing, and though I have learned it over and
over since, though the iron has entered my
own soul, and scarred and scarred it, yet I
have never seen, nor do I believe I
have ever felt, more agony than those two
fell as they parted that night to meet no
more on earth.

He bowed his lips to her forehead, and
murmured the solemn word "Forever." She
sat at that word, and exclaimed with
startled vehemence, "No, no, there is no
such word, Joe."

"We shall not meet again on earth, my
gentle one." And what is earth? Her tall
form grew more quietly, and her dark
eyes flashed divinely, as she rose and ex-
claimed, in clear and silvery tones: "And
what is earth? These things must end. I
will name a tryst, dear Joe, and you shall
keep it. If you pass first into the other land,
wait for me on the bank, and if I go hence
before you, I will linger on the other shore
until you come. Will you remember?"

"I will live and die in this memory."

She lifted her face to his, and her arms
to his neck, and they clung together in a
long and passionate embrace. Their lips
did not separate, but were pressed close to-
gether, until he felt her form cold, and her
clasp relaxed, and he laid her gently down
on the old seat, bowed over her in a moment
in prayer, and was gone. I heard him say
"take care of her W—," and so I strove
to recall the life that had gone from her lips
and cheeks and eyes. It came slowly, and
she woke as we wake in the morning after
death, his entered our cherished circle, with
an oppression on the brain and a swimming,
swollen senselessness of soul.

At length she remembered all, and raised
herself with a half-articulated exclamation
of agony, broken by a sob; then fell on her
knees by the bench and buried her face in
her hands, and remained thus for nearly
half an hour.

When she arose, her face was as the face
of an angel. It wore that same exalted
look which she died.

I think she told that night, she was
never well afterward, and the next winter
she passed to the south, returning in the
spring very fragile, but very beautiful.

Joseph S—, was sent abroad by one of
the Boards of Missions of the Church, but
his health failed, and he resigned his com-
mission, while he traveled through the Eastern
world.

Three years fled with their usual swiftness.
To Sarah D—, they were very
slow and painful years, yet she was happy
in her quiet way, and no one dreamed of
the strange tryst she was longing to keep on
the other side of that dark river, which men
so shrink from. She grew feebler daily as
the summer and autumn advanced, and in
December she was evidently dying.

One day her mother had been out of the
house, perhaps making calls; she returned
at evening, and among other incidents of
news which she had learned, she mentioned
to Sarah the death of her old friend Joseph
S—.

The fair girl was reclining in her large
arm-chair, looking out through the closed
windows at the snow on the ground, and the
pure moonlight which silvered it. There
was no startling emotion visible as her
mother mentioned the fact which to her
was the most solemn, yet most joyful news
the world could give; for now, how much
nearer was her meeting! I saw a smile
flash across her face as the joyful news
reached her ear. I saw her forehead raised
to feel the caress which I know she felt!—
She was silent for many minutes, and then
spoke in feeble, yet very musical accents,
and I, boyishly, wept aloud! Then she
smiled, and looked at me with finger up-
raised, and said, "Wait a little while longer,
dear W—." And then, after a moment,
she said, "Mother, is the snow very deep?"

"Not very deep, why do you ask?"

"Because if it were deep, I thought it
would be difficult for old Mr. Smith to
find our lot in the grave-yard. Are all the
heads-stones covered, mother?"

"What is the matter, Sarah? What if
they are covered?"

"Mother, dear, it is useless to conceal it
from ourselves, or from one another. You
know, and I quite as well, that I am dying.

I have not wished to live, only for our
thing I did long for life, and I died to
meet death all alone but now I shall not
W— will tell you what I mean when I
am gone. Yes, gone, dear mother. I shall
not be here any longer. This chair will
stand here, and I shall be nowhere near it.
You will be here, and father, and you will
live and walk about, and visit, and go in
and out, and sleep and wake again, and so
on day after day, and I shall have no part
any longer in your cares and joys;—Dear
Mother!—and as she uttered the last two
words, she put her arms around her moth-
er's neck, and kissed her fondly, and sank
back into her chair again. I sat at her feet
watching her matchless features. A
smile was flitting across them, now there,
now gone, yet each time it appeared, it lin-
gered longer than before, until it became
fixed, and so holy, so very holy, that I
gazed bewildered as I gazed, and a strange
tremor passed through my body.

The breath of peace was fanning her
glorious brow. Her head was bowed a
very little forward, and a tress escaping
from its bonds, fell by the side of her pure
white temple, and close to her just opened
lips. It hung there motionless. No breath
disturbed its repose! She slept as an angel
might sleep, having accomplished the mis-
sion of her God.

From the New York Sentinel.

Trees.

You may be disposed to think, Mr. Edi-
tor, that after the papers which you kindly
published some years ago, on Civic and
Rural Decoration, I can have very little
more to say on the subject of trees. Yet
the older I grow, the more I feel interested
for posterity, and desire my sons and grand-
sons to have abundance of shade. The
just about the treeless condition of Scot-
land have gone on for so many years, that
if Dr. Johnson could return and renew his
visit, he would find unbragging plantations
on every hand: indeed the very best method
of transplanting mature trees comes to us
from Scotland. Dr. Whitterson used to
say, that when he sailed up the Delaware,
on his arrival in this country, he was at
every turn stopped to ask what nobleman's
seat he was looking at; so accustomed was
he to associate a grove with wealth and
artificial plantation. Dreadful havoc has,
however, been made in these forests during
the last century; and even the trees around
old mansions have, upon a change of own-
ers, been barbarously hewn down.

It was my lot to live several years in the
neighborhood of the eccentric and eloquent
John Randolph, of Roanoke; and I often
heard the remark made, that he would not
allow even any topping or trimming of his
trees. He used to say, in reference to the
connection between aristocracy and "ancestral
trees," "Any upstart can build a fine
house, but he cannot build the old oaks." In
that same country I was most familiar
with a spot settled by a retired officer of
the Revolution, but now dismantled, and
occupied by an overseer, yet four matchless
oaks still tower above the ruins, and there
are the remains of four rows of catalpa
trees, which once extended nearly half a
mile. When I lived there, it was a pleas-
ant thought that my honored father had
lived there also, and had enjoyed the same
shade thirty years before; how sacred then
must be the associations of one who walks
among trees which have sheltered his fore-
fathers for centuries! Are we to give up
all such fancies at the beck of communists
and red republicans?

Trees have figured in literature, and
struck their roots deep in the poetry of all
ages. Although a taste for the picturesque
does not characterize the ancients, and there
is little description of natural scenery in
their prose works, and yet we find excep-
tions in regard to trees. One remarkable
instance will promptly occur to all classi-
cal scholars; it is the famous platano, in
the shade of which Socrates kept his place
while he discoursed, constantly moving
from the sun; it is mentioned both by Plato
and Cicero. The choral allusions to
groves, in Greek tragedy, are also familiar.
The Latin word *luculus* carried religious as-
sociations which belonged to no other term,
and was shadowy with such imaginations as
hover over Virgil's line,

"*Ecce luculus nigra formidine lucum.*"

These superstitions were founded on nat-
ural sentiment, as he may understand who
will recall some twilight hour, when he
found himself musing and gazing into the
recesses of a dark ancient tree, till over-
taken by night. The poet is one who can
unfold the Hecatean mysteries of such
thoughts, and deeper the hieroglyphic of
imagination, and translate the vagueness of
these inklings into the idiom of common
life. Perhaps it has never been more com-
pletely done, than by Wordsworth, in the
New Trees:

"A pillar'd shade,
Upon whose grassy floor of red-brown leaves
Pinnated shadows of the pine unchangeably
Remained—beneath the pine unchangeably
Of boughs, as if for forest purpose decked
With unreluctant berries gloomily shaped
May meet at noontide—Fear and trembling
Hope,
Silence and Foresight—Death the Skeleton
And time the Shadow!"—etc.

I wish attention were more frequently
drawn, by parents and other educators, to
the individuality of great trees, which have
each their physiognomy, as much as so
many men. And could we read the char-
acter, in these lineaments of trunk and
boughs and "shadowing shroud" (a noble
old English word, for which we have no
substitute,) we should read the impres-
sions of spring tides, of droughts, and of
tempests. An old tree is an old friend,
and we do well to take pains that our sons
hereafter love its very wrinkles. The tree
of the park or pleasure-ground, and the tree
of the forest, are as different as the old knotty,
gnarled, unmovable baron, and the alert,
smooth, thriving, average dweller in cities.
The same reasons operate in both cases.

Character becomes more impassioned, joyous,
full of tannin and fibrin, where there has
been elbow-room for the mighty branches
to wrestle with the winds. Look at an
"old field" of the South, in which a thou-
sand young pines have sprung up spontane-
ously, side by side, and you are instantly
reminded of a boarding school of sweet
young ladies; the same name would do for
all. On the other hand, I do know a soli-
tary tree, fit for Druids and predominating
over a waste meadow, which is reverend
in its eloquence that it preaches a sermon
to me whenever I pass or contemplate it.

Those mossed trees, that have outlived
the eagles," should covenant with us to
leave something of their kind for our de-
scendants.

Of the ways and means of planting, and
of woodcraft in general, I know as little as
other idle, pragmatic speculators. I admire
and love the poem that I cannot make.
But I heartily honor those of my accom-
plished countrymen who are writing on this
subject, and stimulating our people to care
for trees. The inhabitants of Newark have
a standing, living pledge of the superior

From an account of Dr. Sulpice Pinel, son
of the humane physician of that name.

Pinel, who had been appointed some time
before medical superintendent of the Bicetre,
urgently applied for permission from the au-
thorities to abolish the use of the irons with
which the lunatics were then loaded. Un-
successful, but resolved to gain his object,
he repeated his complaints with redoubled
ardor before the commune of Paris, and
demanded the reform of this barbarous sys-
tem.

"Citizen," replied one of the members
of the commune, "to-morrow I will pay you
and the Bicetre a visit. But you to you if
you deceive us, and are concealing the en-
emies of the people amongst your madmen!"

The member of the commune who spoke
thus was Couthon. The next day he ar-
rived at the Bicetre.

Couthon was himself, perhaps, as strange
a sight as that which he had come to see.—
Deprived of the use of both his legs, he was
always carried about on men's shoulders;
and thus mounted and deformed, he, with a
soft and feminine voice, pronounced sen-
tences of death; for death was the only log-
ic at that moment. Couthon wished to see,
and personally to question, the lunatics one
after another. He was conducted to their
quarters of the building; but to all his ques-
tions he received but insults and sanguinary
addresses, and heard nothing amidst the con-
fused cries and mad howling but the chill-
ing clank of the chains reverberating
through the distantly dirty and damp
vaults. Soon fatigued by the monotony of
the spectacle and the fatuity of his inquir-
ies, Couthon turned round to Pinel, and
said, "Ah, citizen, are not you, yourself, mad
to think of unchaining such animals?"

"Citizen," replied the other, "I am con-
vinced that these lunatics have become so
unmanageable solely because they are de-
prived of air and liberty, and I venture to
hope a great deal from a thoroughly differ-
ent method."

"Well, then, do what you like with
them; I give them up to you. But I fear
you will fall a victim to your presump-
tion."

Now master of his actions, Pinel com-
menced the next day his enterprise, the real
difficulties of which he had never a mo-
ment disguised to himself. He contem-
plated liberating about fifty raving madmen
without danger to the more peaceable in-
mates. He decided to unchain but twelve
as a first experiment. The only precau-
tion he judged necessary to adopt was to
prepare an equal number of waistcoats—
those made of stout linen, with long sleeves,
and fastened at the back, by means of
which it is easy to prevent a lunatic doing
any mischief.

The first whom Pinel addressed was the
oldest in this scene of misery. He was an
English captain; his history was unknown;
and he had been confined there for forty
years. His keepers, even, approached
him with caution; for in a fit of violence
he had struck one of the servants with his
chains, and killed him on the spot. He
was more harshly treated than the others,
and his severity and complete aban-
donment only tended still more to exasperate
his naturally violent temper.

Pinel entered his cell alone, and address-
ed him calmly. "Captain," said he, "if I
take off your chains, and give you liberty
to walk up and down the yard, will you
promise me to be reasonable, and to injure
no one?"

"I will promise you, but you are making
game of me. They are all too much afraid
of me, even you yourself."

"No, indeed, I am not afraid," replied Pi-
nel; "I have six men outside to make
you respect me; but believe my word, con-
fide in me, and be docile. I intend to li-
berate you, if you will put on this linen
waistcoat in place of your heavy chains."

The captain willingly agreed to all they
required of him, only shrugging his shoul-
ders, and never uttering a word. In a few
minutes his irons were completely loosened,
and the doctor and his assistants retired,
leaving the door of his cell open.

Several times he stood up, but sank down
again; he had been in a sitting posture for
such a length of time, that he had almost
lost the use of his limbs. However, at the
end of a quarter of an hour, he succeeded
in preserving his equilibrium; and from the
depth of his dark cell he advanced, totter-

ing towards the door. His first movement
was to look up at the heavens, and to cry
out in ecstasy, "How beautiful!" During
the whole day he never ceased running up
and down the stairs, always exclaiming,
"How beautiful! how delightful!" In the
evening he returned of his own accord to
his cell, slept tranquilly on a good bed
which had been provided for him in the
meantime, and during the following two
years which he spent at the Bicetre, he
never again had a violent fit; he even made
himself useful, exercising a certain author-
ity over the other lunatics, governing them
after his fashion, and establishing himself as
a kind of superintendent.

His neighbor in captivity was not less wor-
thy of pity. He was an old French officer,
who had been in chains for the past thirty
years, having been afflicted with one of those
terrible religious monomanias of which we
even now-a-days see such frequent exam-
ples. Of weak understanding and lively
imagination, he conceived himself destined
by God for the baptism of blood—that is to
say, to kill his fellow-creatures, in order to
save them from hell, and to send them
straight to heaven, to the enjoyment of the
blessed! This horrible idea was the cause
of his committing a frightful crime. He
commenced his homicidal mission by
plunging a dagger into the heart of his
own child. He was declared insane, con-
fined for life in the Bicetre, and he had
been afflicted for years with this revolting
madness. Calmness at length returned,
but without reason; he sat on a stone sill,
and unmoved, resembling an emaciated
spectre of remorse. His limbs were still
loaded with the same irons as when first he
was confined, but which he had no longer
strength to lift. They were left on him as
much from habit as from the remembrance
of his crime. His case was hopeless. Dr.
Pinel had him carried to a bed in the infir-
mary; his legs, however, were so stiff and
contracted, that all attempts to bend them
failed. In this state he lived a few months
longer and then died, without being aware
of his release.

The third presented a strange contrast.

He was a man in the prime of life, with
sparkling eyes; his bearing haughty, and
glorious dramatic. In his youth he had
been a literary character. He was gentle,
witty, and had a brilliant imagination. He
composed romances, full of love, expressed
in impassioned language. He wrote un-
remittingly, and in order to devote himself
with greater ardor to his favorite composi-
tions, he ended by locking himself up in
his room, often passing the day without
food, and the night without sleep. To com-
plete all, an unfortunate passion added to
his excitement; he fell in love with the
daughter of one of his neighbors. She, how-
ever, soon grew tired of the poor author,
was inconstant to him, and did not even al-
low him the consolation of a doubt. Dur-
ing a whole year the anguish of the poor
dreamer was the more bitter from conceal-
ment. At length, one day he saw the ab-
surdity of his despair, and passing from one
extreme to the other, gave himself up to
every kind of excess. His reason fled, and
taken to the Bicetre in a raging fit, he re-
mained confined for twelve years in the
dark cell where Pinel found him fling-
ing about his chains with violence.

This madman was more turbulent than
dangerous, and incapable of understanding
the good intended to him, it was necessary
to employ force to loosen his irons. Once
he felt himself at liberty, he commenced
running round and round the courtyard,
until his breath failing, he fell down quite
exhausted. This excitement continued for
some weeks, but unaccompanied by vio-
lence, as formerly. The kindness shown
to him by the doctor, and the especial in-
terest he took in this invalid, soon restored
him to reason. Unfortunately he was per-
mitted to leave the asylum and return to
the world, then in such a state of agitation,
he joined the political factions of the day
with all the vehemence of his passions,
and was beheaded on the 9th Thermidor.

Pinel entered the fourth cell. It was
that of Chevinge, whose liberation was one
of the most memorable events of that day.

Chevinge had been a soldier of the French
Guard, and had only one fault—that of
drunkenness. But once the wine mounted
into his head, he grew quarrelsome, vio-
lent, and most dangerous, from his prodig-
ious strength. Frequent excesses caused
his dismissal from his corps, and he soon
squandered his scanty resources. At length
sland and misery plunged him in despair,
and his mind became affected. He imagined
that he had become a general, and fought
all who did not acknowledge his rank. It
was at the termination of a mad scene of
this kind that he was brought to the Bi-
cetre in a state of fury. He had been chained
for ten years, and with stronger fetters than
his companions, for he had often succeeded
in breaking his chains by the mere force of
his hands. Once, in particular, when by
this means he had obtained a few moments
liberty, he defied all the keepers together to
force him to return to his cell, and only did
so after compelling them to pass under his
uplifted leg. This inconceivable act of
protest he performed on the eight men who
were trying to master him. From hence-
forth his strength became a proverb at the
Bicetre. By repeatedly visiting him, Pinel
discovered that good dispositions lay hidden
beneath violence of character, constantly
kept excited by cruel treatment. On one
occasion he promised to ameliorate his con-
dition, and this promise alone had greatly
tranquilized him. Pinel now ventured to
announce to him that he should no longer
be forced to wear his chains. "Add to
prove that I have confidence in you," added
he, "and that I consider you to be a man
capable of doing good, you shall assist me
in releasing those unfortunate individuals
who do not possess their reason like you.
If you conduct yourself properly, as I have
cause to hope you will, I shall then take
you into my service, and you shall not
leave me."

Never in the mind of man was there seen
so sudden or complete a change: the keep-
ers themselves were forced to respect Che-
vinge from his conduct. No sooner was he
unshackled, than he became docile, attentive,
watching every movement of Pinel, so as to
execute his orders dexterously and prompt-
ly, addressing words of kindness and reason
to those lunatics with whom he had been
on a level but a few hours previously,
but in whose presence he now felt the full
dignity of liberty. This man who had been
unharnessed by his chains during the best
years of his life, and who doubtless would
have dragged on this agonizing existence
for a considerable length of time, became
at once a model of good conduct and gra-
titude. Frequently in those perilous times
he saved Pinel's life, and one day amongst
others rescued him from a band of ruffians
who were dragging him off to a *lanterne*,
as an elector of 1789. During a threaten-
ed famine, he every morning left the Bi-
cetre, and never returned without provisions,
which at that moment were unobtainable,
even for gold. The remainder of his life

was but one continued act of devotion to
his liberator.

Next room to Chevinge, three unfortu-
nate soldiers had been in chains for many
years, without any one knowing the cause
of this rigor. They were generally quiet
and inoffensive, speaking only to each other,
and that in a language unintelligible to
the rest of the prisoners. They had, how-
ever, been granted the only privilege which
they seemed capable of appreciating—that
of being always together in the same cell.
When they became aware of a change in
their usual mode of treatment, they suspect-
ed it to proceed from unfriendly motives,
and violently opposed the loosening of their
irons. When liberated, they would not
leave their prison. Either from grief or
want of understanding, these unhappy
creatures were insensible to the liberty now
offered to them.

After them came a singular personage,
one of those men whose malady is the more
difficult of cure, from its being a fixed
idea, occasioned by excessive pride. He
was an old clergyman, who thought himself
Christ. His exterior corresponded to the
vanity of his belief; his gait was measured
and solemn; his smile, sweet yet